

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

 Saturday July 31. 1708.

Mad Man. **Y**OU were so full of your Praises of the Duke of *Marlborough* in your last, that you forget to mention one that had the chief Share of the Glory of the Day, and to whose Valour and Conduct great Part of the Victory is owing.

Review. Who is that, pray, that I should be charg'd with omitting to speak of?

M. A Name the World has heard much of formerly, and we have valued our selves much upon; but of late since they grew mad, they have taken little Notice of it.

Rev. Look you, Sir, first, I have not begun to talk of any Body, I know, all the great Men DO WONDERS on every side; The *French* tell us in their Accounts,

that the Duke of *Burgundy* did Wonders, and the Duke of *Berry* did Wonders, and truly I believe they did, for it was a Wonder to me they did not both run away, as we were told they did: But it is endless Work for me to enter into the Behaviour of the several People that acted on this Stage of Blood, and therefore no Body can reflect upon me; since I have spoke of no Body, I have left out no Body; besides you all know, my Talent does not lie in Panegyrick: If I were to praise them, I shall make but *half in half* work of it, and therefore I let it all alone; I do not doubt, but they all did their Duty by the Success: But, pray, who is the Person you are so angry at my omitting?

M. The

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M. The young Prince of Orange, a Name I know you have a Value for.

Rev. The young Prince of Friezland you mean, for we do not yet know who is to be call'd Prince of Orange; I do not know, that that Affair is decided yet.

M. Do not tell me of deciding, he shall be my Prince of Orange.

Rev. You are a mad Man, what does it signify what you say?

M. Well, well, call him what you will, it was he did the Business, he led on the left Wing, and broke in like a Lion upon the best Troops the French had, viz. the Regiment of Guards, and the Gend'arms, and ruin'd them all; I will have him remembered.

Rev. Well, well, when I come to Particulars, (if ever I do that) he shall be remembered; but prithee honest Bedlam, what Occasion is there to talk of the Particulars of this Victory? Who can descend to Particulars when there is no General Particulars of a Victory, when there is no Victory; we have lost our Victory, it's quite dwindled away into an *Ignis fatuus*; Upon my Word, I believe, in a little more time, the Tories will make us lose the Battle too—They will tell us, there was no Battle at all, and it was only a Cheat put upon us by the Duke of Marlborough.

M. Why truly, there may be something in that; if the Duke of Marlborough has put such a Sham upon us, it is a clever Jobb—No Fight, say you?

Rev. Ay, no Fight.

M. What, no Battle at Oudenard?

Rev. Not at all—

M. Mad Work, I'll tell you how we'll be even with them; tell them, there is no such Man as the Chevalier De St. George, that he is only a Sham, a Page dress'd up for a Pageant King to make Fools of the Jacobites.

Rev. That's an old Jest, and won't do with them; they love to be made Fools of, and it is their Business to be Fools, and therefore our Jest will be lost upon them; but what's that to the present Case?—Will you tell me now, what we shall do to find our Victory again, for the Jacobites (ay and

some that claim the Name of Whigs too) have toss'd it about, castrated it, and curtail'd it, till they have quite lost it?

M. I'll tell you two Ways for this; first, the Duke of Marlborough, they say, is going to make out one, for he is coming back again, they say, to fight it over again, and give you the Exemplification of it; and that's one way to make it be a Victory indeed.

Rev. Why, that's one of the Arguments they use to prove it no Victory; that whereas the D. of Marlborough was march'd a great way into their Country, and had raised Contributions as far as Arrass, he is fain to come back again to defend the Dutch against this routed Army, and where then is your Victory, say they?

M. These really are not mad Men, but meer Naturals—in the Affair of the War; Can it be no Victory, unless the French are beaten all to pieces, unless there are not 20 of them left together?—If you should examine all the Battles in this Part of the World, even the Battles of *Blenheim* and *Ramellies*, they were compleat Victories, and yet the French Armies made a stand again in a short time: But if you will give a mad-Man Leave to examine your Understanding, I'll tell you where the Fault lies—It is not so much the Tories Fault in crying down your Victory, as it has been your own Fault in crying it up; and your News-Writers deserve for this, more than I'll pretend to mention here; for as soon as ever an Express came of the Fight, *Victoria, Victoria*, the French are kill'd all of them and some; away they run with it; one tells you, the French were entirely dispers'd, another utterly routed; another that the Duke of Marlborough would not leave them, while there was ten of them together; another that it was a compleater Victory than that at *Ramellies*, and the like—And if any of these Writers had read the true Account publish'd by Authority, they would have seen, there was none of these Extravagancies pretended too, and yet it was a great Victory too, and what we ought to be thankful, very thankful for—

Rev. It

Rev. It is true indeed, that the News-Writers did blow us up with Triumphs of their own making; and now there is another Party takes Advantage of every thing, that subtracts from the Extravagancies of their Accounts, and all that the Matter of Fact comes short of their Rhodomontades, they would call in to our Disadvantage. Now it is true, that it is not such a Victory as our mad Trumpeters made of it, and on that side I justly blame them; but the other Extreme is as remote; and to tell us it is no Victory at all, is too lame a Cheat to take with us; I own, it is a great, a most advantageous Victory, and I could tell you, it is a most seasonable Victory too, and that a great many ways.

M. I agree, it is a seasonable Victory for the Dutch, for the French would soon have been upon them; you see, they have much ado to keep them out as it is.

Rev. Ay, ay, and it was a most seasonable Victory at home too, I assure you; and there is more Artifice and Design in crying down this Victory, than you are aware of.

M. Nay, I am not in any Plot, I know nothing of those things.

Rev. We have a Sort of People in Britain at this Time, that a Victory over the French does not suit very well with their present Occasions; if it had been at another Time, it had been more for their Purpose, but at this Time it is to their Loss; and therefore these are for lowering the general Vogue of it, and if the French cannot conceal it, they will; and these Gentlemen have brought us to that pass, that we will not, no, tho' the French themselves tell us they are beaten, they will not believe them; they will not let it be so, because they would not have it be so.

M. Pray, what Sort of People are these, are they Protestants?

Rev. Ay, ay, Protestants, Revolutioners, every Thing you please.

M. Have they any Names about them, that they may be known by?

Rev. No, no, no Names, at least no Christian Names.

M. Have they any Sir-Names, pray, tell me their Sir-Names?

Rev. I think, the properest Sir-Name, I can give them, is your Name.

M. What, Lunatics? I warrant you, Mad-Men you mean; why truly that is it I want to know them for; I'd go and carry them the Key of my Chamber, such People should not stay any longer out of Bedlam.

Rev. Ay, but they have another Resemblance to you, besides that of Lunacy.

M. What is that?

Rev. Why, they are more R——s than Lunatics; and if no other Principle shew'd it than this, it were sufficient to justify me in giving them that hard Word, Viz. That they had rather their Country should want a Victory over the French, than that their Party-Projects should be baulk'd or disappointed.

M. But what devilish Party-Projects have you now on Foot more than you us'd to have, that cannot agree with a Victory over the French? — They must be nothing but meer Jacobite Designs; for any Party that ever I met with yet, except the Jacobites, were for beating the French; even the High-Flying Malecontents cry'd out because the French were not beaten, even my own Chamber-Fellow my Lord used to complain of the French getting the better of us on all sides. — This must be some new Hell-born Division; will you let us know some Particulars?

Rev. Not yet, not yet; Time will illuminate us a little more.

M. Well, well, let them repine, let them regret the Victory, it shall be a Victory still; and tell those People from my Oracle at Bedlam, it SHALL BE a Victory, THEY shall acknowledge it a Victory; and which is more, it shall be followed with BETTER CONSEQUENCES, than other Victories that have been less disputed.

Rev. Nay, if you come to Prophecies, we shall have mad Work.

M. Mad Men always prophetic.

Rev. If your Prophecy be true, and come to pass, we have some People among us will be shrewdly disappointed.

M. Why

M. Why then they shall be disappointed; take a mad Man's Prediction for once, and wait the Issue.



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